O, the Diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done yfayth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, welbelou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aymd.
Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heades, by rayſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does; weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſin, farewell. No further goe in this.
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt,
Hot. Vncle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our ſport. *Ex*
Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.
1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be han
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimny, and yet our Horſe
packt. What *Oſtler?*
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flock
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ce
Enter another Carrier.
2. Car. Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a Dog,
that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this hou
turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.
1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of O
roſe, it was the death of him.
2. Car. I thinke this to be the moſt villanous houſe in
London roade for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.
1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is neare a Ki
chriſten, could be better bit, thē I haue bin ſince the firſt coc
2. Car. Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and th
we leake in your Chimny, and your Chamber-lie bree
Fleas like a Loach.
1. Car. What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, come awa
2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ging
to be deliuered as farre as Charing-croſſe.
1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ſta
ued: what *Oſtler?* a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in th
head? canſt not heare, & t'were not as good a deed as drink